

The THOUSANDTH WOMAN

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SYNOPSIS.

Cazalet, on the steamer Kaiser Fritz, homeward bound from Australia, cries out in his sleep that Henry Craven, who ten years before had ruined his father and himself, is dead and finds that Hilton Toye, who shares the stateroom with him, knows Craven and also Blanche Macnair, a former neighbor and playmate. When the daily papers come aboard at Southampton Toye reads that Craven has been murdered and calls Cazalet's dream second sight. He thinks of doing a little amateur detective work on the case himself. In the train to town they discuss the murder, which was committed at Cazalet's old home. Toye hears from Cazalet that Scruton, who had been Cazalet's friend and the scapegoat for Craven's dishonesty, has been released from prison.

CHAPTER III—Continued.

Toye looked disconcerted and distressed, but at the same time frankly puzzled. He apologized none the less readily, with almost ingenuous courtesy and fullness, but he ended by explaining himself in a single sentence, and that told more than the rest of his straightforward eloquence put together.

"If a man had done you down like that, wouldn't you want to kill him the very moment you came out, Cazalet?"

The creature of impulse was off at a tangent. "I'd forgive him if he did it, too!" he exclaimed. "I'd move heaven and earth to save him, guilty or not guilty. Wouldn't you in my place?"

"I don't know," said Hilton Toye. "It depends on the place you're in, I guess!" And the keen dark eyes came drilling into Cazalet's skull like augers.

"I thought I told you," he explained impatiently. "We were in the office together; he was good to me, winked at the business hours I was inclined to keep, let me down lighter in every way than I deserved. You may say it was part of his game. But I take people as I find them. And then, as I told you, Scruton was ten thousand times more sinned against than sinning."

"Are you sure? If you knew it at the time—"

"I didn't. I told you so the last night."

"Well, I mustn't ask questions," said Hilton Toye, and began folding up his newspaper with even more than his usual deliberation.

"Oh, I'll tell you!" cried Cazalet ungraciously. "It's my own fault for telling you so much. It was in a letter from Scruton himself that I heard the whole thing. I'd written to him—ward the end—suggesting things. He managed to get an answer through that would never have passed the prison authorities. And—and that's why I came home just when I did," concluded Cazalet; "that's why I didn't wait till after shearing. He's been through about enough, and I've had more luck than I deserved. I meant to take him back with me, to keep the books on our station, if you want to know!" The brusque voice trembled.

Toye let his newspaper slide to the floor. "But that was fine!" he exclaimed simply. "That's as fine an action as I've heard of in a long time."

"If it comes off," said Cazalet in a gloomy voice.

"Don't you worry, it'll come off. Is he out yet, for sure? I mean, do you know that he is?"

"Scruton? Yes—since you press it—he wrote to tell me that he was coming out even sooner than he expected."

"Then he can stop out for me," said Hilton Toye. "I guess I'm not running for that reward!"

CHAPTER IV.

Down the River.

At Waterloo the two men parted, with a fair exchange of fitting speeches, none of which rang really false. And yet Cazalet found himself emphatically unable to make any plans at all for the next few days; also, he seemed in two minds now about a Jermyn Street hotel previously mentioned as his immediate destination; and his step was indubitably lighter as he went off first of all to the loop-line, to make sure of some train or other that he might have to take before the day was out.

In the event he did not take that train or any other; for the new miracle of the new traffic, the new smell of the horseless streets, and the newer joys of the newest of new taxicabs, all worked together and so swiftly upon Cazalet's organism that he had a little colloquy with his smart young driver instead of paying him in Jermyn Street. He nearly did pay him off, and with something more than his usual impetuosity, as either a liar or a fool with no sense of time or space.

"But that's as quick as the train, my good fellow!" blustered Cazalet.

"Quicker," said the smart young fellow without dipping his cigarette, "if you were going by the old Southwestern!"

The very man, and especially the manners that made or marred him, was entirely new to Cazalet as a product of the old country. But he had come from the bush, and he felt as though he might have been back there but for the smell of petrol and the cry of the motor-horn from end to

end of those teeming gullies of bricks and mortar.

He had accompanied his baggage just as far as the bureau of the Jermyn Street hotel. Any room they liked, and he would be back some time before midnight; that was his card, they could enter his name for themselves. He departed, pipe in mouth, open knife in one hand, plug tobacco in the other; and remarks were passed in Jermyn Street as the taxi bounced out west in ballast.

But indeed it was too fine a morning to waste another minute indoors, even to change one's clothes, if Cazalet had possessed any better than the ones he wore and did not rather glory in his rude attire. He was simply and comfortably drunk with the delight of being back. He had never dreamed of getting into his head like this; at the time he did not realize that it had. That was the beauty of his bout. He knew well enough what he was doing and seeing, but inwardly he was literally blind. Yesterday was left behind and forgotten like the Albert Memorial, and to-morrow was still as distant as the sea, if there were such things as to-morrow and the sea.

Meanwhile what vivid miles of dazzling life, what a subtle autumn flavor in the air; how cool in the shadows, how warm in the sun; what a sparkling river it was, to be sure; and yet, if those weren't the first of the autumn tints on the trees in Castle-nau.

There went a funeral, on its way to Mortlake! The taxi overhauled it at a callous speed. Cazalet just had time to tear off his great soft hat. It was actually the first funeral he had seen since his own father's; no wonder his radiance suffered a brief eclipse. But in another moment he was out on Barnes Common.

It had been the bicycle age when he went away; now it was the motor age, and the novelty and contrast were endless to a simple mind under the influence of forgotten yet increasingly familiar scenes. But nothing was lost on Cazalet that great morning; even a milk-float entranced him, itself enchanted, with its tall can turned to gold and silver in the sun. But now he was on all but holy ground. It was not so holy with these infernal electric trams; still he knew every inch



A Young Woman Had Appeared in One of the Wooden Porticoes.

of it; and now, thank goodness, he was off the lines at last.

"Slower!" he shouted to his smart young man. He could not say that no notice was taken of the command. But a wrought-iron gate on the left, with a covered way leading up to the house, was past and gone in a veritable twinkling.

Five or six minutes later the smart young man was driving really slowly along a narrow road between patent wealth and blatant semi-gentility; on the left good grounds, shaded by cedar and chestnut, and on the right a row of hideous little houses, as pretentious as any that ever let for forty pounds within forty minutes of Waterloo.

"This can't be it!" shouted Cazalet. "It can't be here—stop! Stop! I tell you!"

A young woman had appeared in one of the overpowering wooden porticoes; two or three swinging strides were bringing her down the silly little path to the wicket-gate with the idiotic name; there was no time to open it before Cazalet blundered up, and shot his hand across to get a grasp as firm and friendly as he gave.

"Blanche!"

"Sweep!"

They were their two nursery names, hers no improvement on the proper monosyllable, and his a rather dubious token of pristine proclivities. But out both came as if they were children still, and children who had been just long enough apart to start with a good honest mutual stare.

"You aren't a bit altered," declared the man of thirty-three, with a note not entirely tactful in his admiring voice. But his old chum only laughed.

"Blanche!" she cried. "But you're not altered enough. Sweep, I'm disappointed in you. Where's your beard?"

"I had it off the other day. I always meant to," he explained, "before the end of the voyage. I wasn't going to land like a wild man of the woods, you know!"

"Weren't you! I call it mean." Her scrutiny became severe, but softened again at the sight of his clutched wide-awake and curiously characterless, shapeless suit.

"You may well look!" he cried, delighted that she should. "They're awful old duds, I know, but you would think them a wonder if you saw where they came from—"

"I'm sorry to interrupt," said Blanche, laughing, "but there's your taxi ticking up twopenny every quarter of an hour, and I can't let it go on without warning you. Where have you come from?"

He told her with a grin, was roundly reprimanded for his extravagance, but brazened it out by giving the smart young man a sovereign before her eyes. After that, she said he had better come in before the neighbors came out and mobbed him for a millionaire. And he followed her indoors and up-stairs, into a little new den crowded with some of the big old things he could remember in a very different setting. But if the room was small it had a balcony that was hardly any smaller, on top of that unduly imposing porch; and out there, overlooking the fine grounds opposite, were basket chairs and a table, hot with the Indian summer sun.

"I hope you are not shocked at my abode," said Blanche. "I'm afraid I can't help it if you are. It's just big enough for Martha and me; you remember old Martha, don't you? You'll have to come and see her, but she'll be horribly disappointed about your beard!"

Coming through the room, stopping to greet a picture and a bookcase (filling a wall each) as old friends, Cazalet had described a photograph of himself with that appendage. He had threatened to take the beastly thing away, and Blanche had told him he had better not. But it did not occur to Cazalet that it was the photograph to which Hilton Toye had referred, or that Toye must have been in this very room to see it. In these few hours he had forgotten the man's existence, at least in so far as it associated itself with Blanche Macnair.

"The others all wanted me to live near them," she continued, "but as no two of them are in the same county it would have meant a caravan. Besides, I wasn't going to be transplanted at my age. Here one has everybody one ever knew, except those who escape by emigrating, simply at one's mercy on a bicycle. There's more golf and tennis than I can find time to play; and I still keep the old boat in the old boat-house at Littleford, because it hasn't let or sold yet, I'm sorry to say."

"So I saw as I passed," said Cazalet. "That hit me hard!"

"The place being empty hits me harder," rejoined the last of the Macnairs. "It's going down in value every day like all the other property about here, except this sort. Mind where you throw that match, Sweep! I don't want you to set fire to my pampas-grass; it's the only tree I've got!"

Cazalet laughed; she was making him laugh quite often. But the pampas-grass, like the rest of the ridiculous little garden in front, was obscured if not overhung by the balcony on which they sat. And the subject seemed one to change.

"It was simply glorious coming down," he said. "I wouldn't swap that three-quarters of an hour for a bale of wool. You can't think how every mortal thing on the way appealed to me. The only blot was a funeral at Barnes; it seemed such a sin to be buried on a day like this, and a fellow like me coming home to enjoy himself!"

He had turned grave, but not graver than at the actual moment coming down. Indeed, he was simply coming down again, for her benefit and his own, without an ulterior trouble until Blanche took him up with a long face of her own.

"We've had a funeral here. I suppose you know?"

"Yes, I know."

Her chair creaked as she leaned forward with an enthusiastic solemnity that would have made her shriek if she had seen herself; but it had no such effect on Cazalet.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Hats and Faces.
A Boston man went down to Hartford and said to the Motherhood club of that city, "If you have a 29-cent face don't wear a \$30 hat."

Of course, the Boston man didn't make it clear to the ladies with Hartford faces just what the hat-and-face ratio should be. Even a 29-cent face might hesitate over wearing a 29-cent hat. On the other hand a woman with a \$50 face could scarcely be expected to don a \$50 hat.

No, the Boston man is wading into deep water. He quite overlooks the eternal law of compensation.

Let the 29-cent face wear a \$35 hat. It may distract attention.

As for the woman with the \$50 face, she doesn't need any hat—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Woes of an Author.

"How's your new book coming on?"

"Passably well. The demand isn't what it should be. I mean among purchasers. And of course if people don't buy the book there's nothing in it for me."

"I see. By the way, I'm reading it now. It looks loaned me a copy that Tompkins borrowed from Bradley. Pretty fair story."

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By R. O. SELLERS, Acting Director of Sunday School Course, Moody Bible Institute.)
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LESSON FOR FEBRUARY 13

HUMBLED AND EXALTED.

LESSON TEXT—Phil. 2:1-11.

GOLDEN TEXT—For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might become rich.—11 Cor. 8:9.

The key word of the first chapter of Philippians is "confidence" (see vv. 5, 14, 25). Paul has confidence in the church at Philippi on account of their spiritual condition (vv. 1, 2), which resulted in fellowship (vv. 3-8) and fruitfulness (vv. 9-13). This confidence inspires boldness and is a source of joy and blessing. Paul's creed is also set forth in chapter 1:5-11. This confidence is in the face of the conflict and suffering which was before them (see 1:27-30).

I. Be of the Same Mind, vv. 1-4. The key word of this chapter is the word "comfort" (vv. 1, 19). The first section might be entitled "The Comfort of Love" (vv. 1-18) and the second section "The Comfort of Knowledge" (vv. 19-30). If there was to be opposition from without certainly the Christians ought to stand together. Paul is urging them to unity in order that it might comfort and console him. He had always rejoiced in this church (1:4), but he desires them to "fill full his joy by being of the same mind, having the same love, being of one accord, of one mind." Paul's comfort of love in the disciples he anticipated would be due to their state of mind, which depended upon (a) unity (vv. 1, 2); (b) humility (v. 3); (c) that they might "mind the things of others" (v. 4). Nothing would so comfort and console, or so gladden the heart of Paul as such unity. It was even so with the heart of our Lord (see John 17:21). The words "be of the same mind" do not refer merely to a unity of opinion, but rather to a unity of purpose and affection, literally "being souled together."

II. Let This Mind . . . Which Was Also in Christ Jesus, vv. 5-8. The second comfort of love was due, not to a unity of mind, but to the standing which Paul and this church had in Christ, due to his (Christ's) standing in God. The words of this passage are among the most wonderful to be found anywhere in the Bible. They contain a statement of the most profound truth and mystery that we have regarding the person of our Lord Jesus Christ. No plummet has sounded their depth, nor rod scaled their height, nor tape measured their breadth. His eternal deity—and on the other hand his amazing self-humiliation—yet these facts and truths are brought before us to enforce the homeliest duties of every day life. Equal to God (John 10:39) yet he gave up his divine glory and incarnated himself in the historical Jesus, was anointed of God, died on a Roman cross, buried in Joseph's tomb, yet rose again and is alive today as much as when he walked o'er Galilee's hills. The mind that was in Jesus was a purpose to choose the lowest depth of humiliation rather than a full equality with God, either choice of which he might have made; but he chose the former—creation's most sublime illustration of self-sacrifice—and this is the mind we should have. The word "robbery" implies a thing to be seized hold of. Instead of seizing hold of equality with God, Jesus let go and seized hold of the death on the cross, and thus made himself of no reputation, literally emptied himself. The context shows of what he emptied himself: (a) his divine form; (b) his divine glory. This latter is shown by his birth in a stable and his death upon a cross, thereby being under the curse of God (Gal. 3:13). But this was an act of obedience to God (v. 8). The father bade him to do it. The sacrifice of Christ had its original source in the will of God—his love towards us (John 3:16, Rom. 5:8). There are three thoughts in this passage: (a) the incarnation; (b) the passion; (c) the exaltation. Keep this in mind and remember Paul's circumstances in prison when he wrote this letter.

III. God Also Hath Exalted Him, vv. 9-11. The result of this comfort of love, due to a state of mind on the part of the disciples and their having the mind of Christ (v. 9), and the giving unto him of "the" name, not "a" name, that is above all other names; and secondly, worship on the part of all of God's creation, every knee bowed in submission; and third, confession (v. 11). Jesus, who humbled himself to the lowest place, God has exalted to the highest place. Humiliation of self is the path to exaltation by God.

The name "Jesus" is above every name, because Jesus has been exalted above every man.

The worship mentioned here is not merely that we worship through him, though that is true (John 14:6).

The phrase "every knee shall bow" is a clear expression of the oneness of Jehovah and Jesus.

Notice that those that bow are in heaven, in earth and in Hades (Rev. 5:3).

Even lost men and angels who will not bow now will have to do so some day though it will then have no saving power in it for them.

ADrift in Open BOAT FOR 34 DAYS

Horrible Experience of Six Malays Who Were Driven Out to Sea in Storm.

Manila, P. I.—Thirty-four days at sea in an open boat with very little to eat or drink was the horrible experience of six Malays, subjects of the Netherlands, who, while traveling from Sangler to Menado, were driven out to sea by wind and waves.

Two died from starvation and the other four reached Basilan in a most emaciated and exhausted condition, where they were given every possible care. The unfortunate men were afterward removed to Zamboanga and are slowly recovering from their terrible trip.

It seems that the men belong in Menado and had been to Saugler on



At Sea in an Open Boat.

business. The wind became stronger as they got well started on their journey home and the waves rose correspondingly and soon they were unable to control the vinta in which they had embarked and were forced to ride with the storm, which lasted for several days.

They had a small store of eatables and some drinking water, but the former was soon exhausted and the water supply also dwindled. Two of the men were unable to withstand the tortures of lack of sustenance and died a few days after the storm abated. They were thrown overboard and the remaining four, almost crazed, endeavored to make land. They drifted and sailed for many days and at last, when hope had almost fled, sighted the town of Basilan. When they arrived they were so weak that they had to be assisted out of the vinta and it was some time before they could give a connected account of themselves or of their trip.

DENIED KISS; PULLS A GUN

Georgia Tragedy Follows Engaged Couple's Quarrel on Way Home From a Dance.

Molena, Ga.—Refused a farewell kiss by Miss Ida Heaton after she had told him she intended to postpone their wedding, which had been announced recently, Levi Stribbling shot at the girl, but missed. The girl ran into her home and Stribbling followed. He was met by the girl's father, who shot and killed him as he was again trying to shoot at Miss Heaton.

Stribbling and the girl had been to a dance and quarreled on the way home. Stribbling obtained a revolver and, returning to the Heaton home, called the girl to the door and asked for a farewell kiss. She refused and the tragedy followed.

"YELLOW DOG" IS NOT LIBEL

Oklahoma Judge Says in Newspaper Case That Term Might Be One of Endearment.

Muskogee, Okla.—It is not libelous to refer to a man in a newspaper article as "a yellow dog," according to the decision of District Judge R. P. de Graffenried here. Charles Robertson filed a suit for \$5,000 damages against a local newspaper for an alleged libelous story printed about him. The attorneys in the case finally simmered their merits down to the question of whether referring to a man as "a yellow dog" was a libel. The court, after two weeks, announced the decision that to call a man a "yellow dog" might be so applied as to mean a term of endearment instead of a libel.

Mangled by Her Cat.

Newark, N. J.—Mrs. William Portz of this city was attacked by her cat the other day and so badly bitten that she will be disfigured for life. Mrs. Portz's pet got into a fight with a neighbor's cat, and, when its mistress tried to stop the conflict with a bucket of cold water, turned on her.

Girl Bound and Gagged Herself.

Cleveland.—Miss Mary Kozeny is under arrest charged with robbing the home of her employer, J. Z. Mowe. After stealing \$1,500 worth of diamonds she bound and gagged herself to make it appear that robbers had attacked and overpowered her.

FRUIT LAXATIVE FOR SICK CHILD

"California Syrup of Figs" can't harm tender stomach, liver and bowels.

Every mother realizes, after giving her children "California Syrup of Figs" that this is their ideal laxative, because they love its pleasant taste and it thoroughly cleanses the tender little stomach, liver and bowels without griping.

When cross, irritable, feverish, or breath is bad, stomach sour, look at the tongue, mother! If coated, give a teaspoonful of this harmless "fruit laxative," and in a few hours all the foul, constipated waste, sour bile and undigested food passes out of the bowels, and you have a well, playful child again. When its little system is full of cold, throat sore, has stomach-ache, diarrhoea, indigestion, colic—remember a good "inside cleaning" should always be the first treatment given.

Millions of mothers keep "California Syrup of Figs" handy; they know a teaspoonful today saves a sick child tomorrow. Ask at the store for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has directions for babies, children of all ages and grown-ups printed on the bottle. Adv.

Old Sailing Vessel.

Discharging a cargo at West Hartlepool recently was the Danish sailing vessel De Tyende Brodro, which is the oldest ship trading in the North sea. It was built at Merstal and is one hundred and twenty-nine years old. Owing to the demand for ships of all kinds, it is doing a brisk trade.—London Chronicle.

QUIT MEAT IF KIDNEYS BOTHER AND USE SALTS

Take a Glass of Salts Before Breakfast if Your Back is Hurting or Bladder is Irritated.

If you must have your meat every day, eat it, but flush your kidneys with salts occasionally, says a noted authority who tells us that meat forms uric acid which almost paralyzes the kidneys in their efforts to expel it from the blood. They become sluggish and weaken, then you suffer with a dull misery in the kidney region, sharp pains in the back or sick headache, dizziness, your stomach sours, tongue is coated and when the weather is bad you have rheumatic twinges. The urine gets cloudy, full of sediment, the channels often get sore and irritated, obliging you to seek relief two or three times during the night.

To neutralize these irritating acids, to cleanse the kidneys and flush off the body's urinous waste get four ounces of Jad Salts from any pharmacy here; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine. This famous salt is made from the acids of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to flush and stimulate sluggish kidneys, also to neutralize the acids in urine, so it no longer irritates, thus ending bladder weakness.

Jad Salts is inexpensive; cannot injure, and makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink.—Adv.

Dire Threat.

"No, Lena," said the mistress, "I cannot give you a recommendation. You are lazy, incompetent and slovenly, and it wouldn't be right for me to give others the impression that you are a good servant."

"Listen here, Mrs. Yones," cried Lena, shaking her fist in the lady's face, "if you ain't bane giving me das recommendation Ay bane stay here till you do."

She got it.

ENDS DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, GAS

"Pape's Diapepsin" cures sick, sour stomachs in five minutes—Time It!

"Really does" put bad stomachs in order—"really does" overcome indigestion, dyspepsia, gas, heartburn and sourness in five minutes—that—just that—makes Pape's Diapepsin the largest selling stomach regulator in the world. If what you eat ferments into stubborn lumps, you belch gas and eructate sour, undigested food and acid; head is dizzy and aches; breath foul; tongue coated; your insides filled with bile and indigestible waste, remember the moment "Pape's Diapepsin" comes in contact with the stomach all such distress vanishes. It's truly astonishing—almost marvelous, and the joy is its harmlessness.

A large fifty-cent case of Pape's Diapepsin will give you a hundred dollars' worth of satisfaction.

It's worth its weight in gold to men and women who can't get their stomachs regulated. It belongs in your home—should always be kept handy in case of sick, sour, upset stomach during the day or at night. It's the quickest, surest and most harmless stomach doctor in the world.—Adv.

One Kind.
"Pa, what are blood relations?"
"War stories, my son."—Boston Evening Transcript.